Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheets of fire,
Such burſts of horred thunder, ſuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiſe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more find againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demaunding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange that can,
Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart,
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

Enter Gloſter and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,

Vnnaturall

Vnnaturall dealing when I deſir'd their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke me from me
The vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him,
Intreat for him, nor any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,

Gloſt. Go toe ſay you nothing, ther's a diuiſiō betwixt
And a worſe matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be ſpoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my cloſet, theſe iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home
Ther's part of a power already landed,
We muſt incline to the King, I will ſeeke him, and
Priuily releeue him, goe you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
To bed, though I die for't, as no leſſe is threatned me,
The King my old maſter muſt be releeued, there is
Some ſtrāge thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Exit.*

Baſt. This curteſie forbid thee, ſhal the Duke inſtāly
And of that letter to, this ſeems a faire deſeruing (know
And muſt draw me that which my father looſes, no leſſe
Then all, then yonger riſes when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this tempeſtious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt
The leſſer is ſcarce felt, thoud'ſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roring ſea,
Thoud'ſt meet the beare i'th mouth, whē the mind's free
The bodies delicate, this tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe
Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo